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AFFECTING
CASE
OF
ELIZA FENNING,

Who suffered the
SENTENCE OF THE LAW

July 26, 1815.

Unhappy maid! alas! thy awful doom
Consigns thee prematurely to the tomb;
Thou pleadest innocence—if *just* thy plea,
With endless bliss the Lord will welcome thee.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON :

Published by JOHN FAIRBURN, 2, Broadway,
Ludgate-Hill.

Price One Shilling.

UNIVERSITY

OF

EDINBURGH

OF

EDINBURGH



W. Marchant, Printer, Ingram-Court, London.

THE

CASE

OF

ELIZA FENNING

*Who was convicted of attempting to Poison the Family
of Mr. Turner, by mixing Arsenic in*

YEAST DUMPLINGS,

CONTAINING HER

TRIAL

AND THE PARTICULARS OF

HER EXECUTION,

Including, among other interesting Documents, several

AFFECTING LETTERS,

Written a short Time previous to her Execution, and printed
from the Originals, in

HER OWN HAND-WRITING.

LONDON:

Published by JOHN FAIRBURN, 2, Broadway,
Ludgate-Hill.

[1815]

THE

CASE

FINANCIAL

OF THE

YEAST BAKING

COMPANY

THAT

OF THE

FOR THE

OF THE

AFFECTING LETTERS

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

CASE

OF

ELIZA FENNING.

THERE being considerable doubt in the public mind concerning the guilt of this unfortunate young female, we have collected together every particular of her unhappy case, which are as follow :—

On Thursday, March 30, 1815, Eliza Fenning underwent a final examination at the Public Office, Hatton-Garden, charged with attempting to poison the family of Mr. Turner, law-stationer, No. 68, Chancery-lane, on the 21st instant.

EXAMINATION AT HATTON GARDEN.

Orlebar Turner deposed, that on Tuesday the 21st instant, on returning to town, from his house at Lambeth, he was induced to dine at his house in Chancery-lane, with his son and daughter-in-law ; they had for dinner some yeast dumplings, with rump-steaks and potatoes. They had nearly dined, when *Mrs. Charlotte Turner* finding herself extremely unwell, retired to her room above stairs, and upon inquiry they found her complaining of violent sickness. Robert Turner and himself were soon afterwards taken very ill, and vomited dreadfully. The apprentice, Roger Gadsden, went into the kitchen, and seeing the remnant of the dumplings, was desirous of eating a part of them, but the prisoner, *Eliza Fenning*, endeavoured to dissuade him from it, by saying they were cold and heavy.

and would do him no good, he however did eat a small portion of them, and was afterwards seized with violent vomitings also. The prisoner made no inquiry, nor did she do any thing to assist, but partook afterwards of the same dumplings, although she had had her dinner before, and was in consequence seized with similar vomiting. Having suspicion, he endeavoured to find arsenic in the house, but failed in so doing. A quantity of arsenic had for many months been deposited in a drawer in the office, tied up in wrappers, and written on "arsenic, deadly poison," which had been missed about three weeks. This was kept to be occasionally used to destroy mice, in the office drawers, where parchments and papers of consequence were deposited. Witness went into the kitchen, where seeing a brown dish or pan, in which the dumplings had been mixed, with water in it, he immediately examined it, and discovered, at the bottom of the dish, a powder, which appeared to have separated from the dough, which had remained in the dish. He took the dish, with its contents, and kept it for the examination of Mr. Marshal and Mr. Ogilvy, two medical gentlemen. The prisoner had lived in the family about five or six weeks, and admitted that no one but herself made the said dumplings.

John Marshall, a surgeon, of Half-moon-street, Piccadilly, deposed, that, about nine o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, the 21st instant, he was called to the family of Mr. Turner; he found the prisoner, Eliza Fenning, lying on the stairs, apparently in great agony, and was informed she had vomited much, after attending to her he went up stairs, and found Mr. Robert Turner and his wife in bed, each of them retching violently. Mr. Robert Turner complaining of violent and excruciating pain in the stomach and abdomen. Witness was satisfied from the symptoms he saw in Mr. and Mrs. Robert Turner, Mr. Orlebar Turner, the prisoner Eliza Fenning, and the apprentice, that they were affected by poison, and he believed arsenic. He had examined the dish and its contents, shewn to him by Mr. Orlebar Turner, and found a quantity of arsenic at the bottom of it. He separated it from the dough by the usual method, dissolving the dough in warm water, by which the arsenic fell to the bottom.

afterwards

*she was not able to
examine the
meal*

*supposed they were
affected by the poison*

Charlotte Turner, the wife of Robert Turner, deposed, that the prisoner lived with her about six week as cook. About three weeks ago witness had some dispute with the prisoner, on account of some indelicacy in her conduct, and gave her warning to quit, but afterwards took compassion on her, and changed her mind. The prisoner had frequently, within the last fortnight, teased her to let her make some dumplings for dinner, adding "you cannot believe how well I can make them." Monday, the 20th, she told witness that the brewer had brought some yeast, which she ordered without witness's desiring her; witness, in consequence ordered her to make the dumplings she had been so long talking of, for next day's dinner. Tuesday, the 21st, the prisoner went to Brooks-market for some beef-steaks for dinner. She made a beef-steak-pie for dinner for herself and Sally, her fellow-servant, and the two apprentices. They had their dinner at two o'clock, and she made the dumplings for the family's dinner. Witness saw the dough after she mixed it up, and firmly believed the deleterious ingredients were then mixed in it, from its appearance being flat, black, and heavy.

Margaret Turner, wife of Mr. Orlebar Turner, deposed, that on the evening of the above day she was sent for to her house in Lambeth to come to town immediately. Witness arrived in Chancery-lane about eight o'clock, and found the family as already described. Witness seeing the prisoner at the stair foot, made an observation respecting the dumplings, when the prisoner attributed it all to the milk that Sally had fetched, and of which Mrs. Robert *Turner* made the sauce.

Mr. Robert Gregson Turner corroborated his father's evidence, with the addition, that he was worse than any of them from eating the dumpling, he not having tasted any of the sauce.

Roger Gadsden, the apprentice, corroborated Mr. Turner, sen.'s, evidence.

Sarah Peer, the housemaid, deposed, that she had lived eleven months in Mr. Turner's family; she recollected hear-

ing the prisoner say, after her mistress gave her warning, that she should never like the many more; witness, by desire of the prisoner, brought her a halfpenny-worth of milk to make the sauce, as she said she had not enough; witness never entered the kitchen all the time the prisoner was getting the dumplings ready; having leave to spend the day out from dinner time, she was busy up stairs making the beds, &c. The servants and apprentices dined at two; after which, witness brought up the dinner as handed to her by the prisoner. She never tasted the dumplings, as she went out when the family sat down to dinner, and did not return until nine o'clock.

William Thistleton, the officer, deposed that he apprehended the prisoner; he searched her person and box, but found nothing of a suspicious nature. She told him in the Office, that she believed it to be in the yeast, as she perceived a white settlement at the bottom; or that the other girl, who was very sly and artful, might have put it in the milk.—She was committed for trial.

TRIAL

OF

ELIZA FENNING,

At the Sessions-House, Old Bailey, on Tuesday, April 11, 1815, before Sir John Silvester, Bart. Recorder of the City of London.

ELIZA FENNING was indicted for that she, on the 21st of March, 1815, feloniously, unlawfully, and with malice aforethought, did administer, and caused to be administered, to Orlibar Turner, Robert Gregson Turner, and Charlotte Turner, his Wife, certain deadly poison, to wit, Arsenic, with intent the said persons to kill and murder.

CHARLOTTE TURNER sworn.

I am the wife of Robert Gregson Turner; he is a law-stationer in Chancery-lane; his father, Mr. Orlibar Turner, is his partner; he lives at Lambeth. The prisoner came into my service as cook about seven weeks before the accident.

Q. After she came into your service, had you occasion to reprove her?—A. I had, about three weeks after she came.

Q. What was the reason that you reproved her?—A. I observed her one night go into the young men's room partly undressed. I said it was very indecent of her to go into the young men's room undressed.

Q. What age were the young men?—A. About seven-teen or eighteen years old.

Q. How many of them were there?—A. Two; I reprov'd her severely the next morning for her conduct; I threatened to discharge her, and gave her warning to quit; but she shewed contrition. I forgave her, and retained her.

Q. What was her conduct after that for the remaining month?—A. I observed her fail in the respect that she before paid me, and appeared extremely sullen.

Q. Did she, after this, say any thing to you on the subject of yeast dumplings?—A. She did; a fortnight before the transaction she requested me to let her make some yeast dumplings, saying she was a capital hand. That request

*only one span
and that meal*

very frequently was made. On Monday, the 20th of March, she came into the dining room, and said the brewer had brought some yeast.

Q. Had you given any order to the brewer to bring any yeast?—A. Oh, no. I told her I did not wish to trouble the man, that was not the way I had them made. I generally had the dough of the baker, that saved the cook a good deal of trouble, and was always considered best, but as the man had brought a little yeast, on the next day she might make some. On Tuesday morning, the 21st. I, as usual, went into the kitchen; I told her she might make some, but, before she made the dumplings, to make a beef-steak pye for the dinner of the young men; and as she would have to leave the kitchen to get the steaks, I did not wish her to leave the kitchen after the dumplings were made; I told her I wished them to be mixed with milk and water; she said she would do them as I desired her. This was about half-past eleven: she carried the pye to the baker's before the kneading of the dough commenced. I told her, I wished her not to knead the dough, that she might carry the pye to the baker's. She carried the pye to the baker's near twelve; I went into the kitchen after she had been to the baker's; I gave directions about making the dough; I said, I suppose there is no occasion for me stopping; she said, oh, no, she knew very well how to do it; then I went up stairs; in about half an hour I went into the kitchen again; I then found the dough made; it was set before the fire to rise.

Q. What other servant have you?—A. Another maid; her name is Sarah Peer; at the time that the dough was made, I had given Sarah Peer orders to go into the bedroom to repair a counterpane. I am certain that during the time the dough was made no person was in the kitchen but the prisoner; this was about half past twelve; we dine at three, the young men at two. From half past twelve to three I was in the kitchen two or three times, until the dough was made up into dumplings.

Q. Where was the dough?—A. It remained in a pan before the fire to rise; I observed it never did rise. I took off the cloth, and looked at it. My observation was it had not risen, and it was in a very singular position, in which position it remained until it was divided into dump-

*The Servant has
some dumplings
of which they all
has took an
Monday Evening*

lings. It was not put into the pan as I have seen dough, its shape was singular; it retained that shape to the last; I am confident it never was meddled with after it had been put there.

Q. About what time was the dividing the dough into dumplings?—A. I suppose about twenty minutes before twelve. I was not in the kitchen at the time; I had been in the kitchen half an hour before that time.

Jury. Q. Did you remark to the prisoner the singular appearance of the dough?—A. I did not remark to her the singular appearance; I told her it never had risen; the prisoner said it would rise before she wanted it.

Q. How many dumplings was there?—A. Six; the prisoner had divided it into six dumplings. About three o'clock I sat down to dinner; the dumplings were brought upon the table, I told the other servant they were black and heavy instead of white and light.

Q. Who sat down to dinner with you?—A. Mr. Orlibar Turner, myself, and my husband. I helped Mr. Orlibar Turner and my husband to some dumpling, and took a small piece myself. I found myself affected in a few minutes in the stomach after I had eaten; I did not eat a quarter of a dumpling; I felt myself very faint, and an extreme burning pain, which increased every minute. It became so bad I was obliged to leave the table, I went up stairs.

Jury. Q. You eat nothing else?—A. I eat a bit of a beef steak that the prisoner had cooked. When I went up stairs I perceived my sickness had increased and my head was swollen extremely, I retched very violently; I wondered none of the family came up to my assistance; I was half an hour alone. When I came down I found my husband's father very bad, and my husband. I was ill from half past three till nine, sick and retching; at nine it abated, but did not cease; my chest was swollen; we called in a gentleman near, and afterwards Mr. Marshall, the surgeon.

Why would he not see the Trial

ORLIBAR TURNER sworn.

Q. You are the father of Robert Gregson Turner?—A. Yes. On Tuesday, the 21st of March, I was at my son's house; I dined there. Our dinner consisted of yeast dumplings, rump steaks, and potatoes.

Q. Did you eat of the dumplings?—A. I did; after some time Mrs. Charlotte Turner left the room indisposed. She went up stairs; we did not then know she was very ill. Sometime afterwards my son left the room and went down stairs. I followed him shortly afterwards, and went into the parlour below. Coming out I met my son at the foot of the stairs; he told me he had been very sick, and had brought up his dinner. I found his eyes were exceedingly swollen, very much indeed. I said, I thought it very extraordinary; I was taken ill myself in less than three minutes afterwards; the effect was so violent, that I had hardly time to get into the yard before my dinner came up. I felt considerable heat across my stomach and chest, and pain.

Q. Was the vomiting of a common kind?—A. I never experienced any thing before like it for violence; I was terribly irritated; it was not more than a quarter of an hour before my apprentice, Roger Gadsden was taken very ill in a similar way to myself.

Q. Was your son sick also?—He was.

Q. Did the prisoner give any of you any assistance while you were sick?—A. None in the least.

Q. Did you observe whether the prisoner eat any dumplings?—A. I did not; I had suspicion of arsenic; I made a search the next morning; I found a brown dish or a pan that the dumplings had been mixed in; there appeared to be the leavings of the dumplings in it; I put some water into the pan, and stirred it up with a spoon, with a view to form a liquid of the whole; I found upon the pan being set down for half a minute, and my taking it up slowly, in a slanting direction; I discovered a white powder at the bottom; I shewed it to several persons in the house; I kept it in my custody, and shewed it to Mr. Marshall when he came; no person had access to it.

Q. Had you any arsenic?—A. Yes; I kept it in a drawer in the office; any person might have access to it.

Q. Do you happen to know whether the prisoner can read?—A. I believe she can read and write.

Q. To Mrs. Turner. Is that so?—A. She can read and write very well.

Q. To Mr. Turner. Was that drawer locked or open?
—A. It always remained open.

*How could
she - She was
found on the
stairs ill by
the surgeon*

The jury put no question to this witness whether a search was made for this Arsenic or whether the Apprentices & Servants had been examined as to its being taken away. No question how it were possible for to get their meals when they had so much it without fearing some fatal result.

Q. Who lit the fire in that office, do you know?—A. It was the prisoner's duty to do so; waste paper was kept in that drawer; she might properly resort to that drawer for paper to light her fire. I saw that paper of arsenic in that drawer on the 7th of March, never after that time; I heard of its being missed about a fortnight before the 21st of March. I observed that the knives and forks we had to eat the dumplings with were black; there was no vinegar in the sauce at all. I have two of them in my pocket to shew, (witness producing two of the knives,) I saw them with this black upon them the next day; on the next day I asked the prisoner how she came to introduce any ingredients into the dumplings that were so prejudicial to us; she replied that it was not in the dumplings, but that it was in the milk that Sarah Peer brought in. I had several discourses with her on that day upon this subject; during the whole of which, she persisted that it was the milk, as before described, that milk had been used for the sauce only; the prisoner made the dumplings with the refuse of the milk that had been left at breakfast. I asked the prisoner if any person but herself had mixed or had any thing to do with the dumplings; she expressly said no.

Mr. Alley. Q. In the conversation you had with the prisoner, did you tell her that you had missed the poison?

—A. I did not.

ROGER GADSDEN sworn.

I am an apprentice to Mr. Turner.

Q. Do you remember seeing in the office a paper with arsenic, deadly poison, upon it?—I do, sir; the last day I saw it was Tuesday, the 7th of March, I missed it in a day or two after; I mentioned in the office that I missed it. On Tuesday, the 21st of March, I went into the Kitchen between three and four in the afternoon; I had dined at two; I observed there a plate on the table with a dumpling and a half; I took a knife and fork up, and was going to cut it to eat it; the prisoner exclaimed, Gadsden, do not eat that, it is cold and heavy, it will do you no good; I eat a piece about as big as a walnut; there was a small quantity of sauce in the boat; I put a bit of bread in it, and sipped it up, and eat it; this might be twenty minutes

not a direct answer to the question.

* properly resort
* heard of it being missed
* had not suspected the prisoner till next day.

made
but was it known when it was originally made to the servants

He eat a bit of dumpling as small as a walnut & sipped up the whole of the sauce

after three. Mr. Robert Turner came into the office soon after, and said he was very ill. I was taken ill about ten minutes after, but not so ill as to vomit. In consequence of the distress the family were in, I was sent off to Mrs. Turner, the mother; I was very sick going and coming back; I thought I should die.

Q. Had the prisoner made you any yeast dumplings the night before?—A. She had; I partook of them, and the other maid; they were light and white; quite different from those dumplings.

Q. Who made the fire in the office?—A. The prisoner; nobody could get into the office until I did; any person might go into the office in the day; at night it was locked; loose paper was kept in the drawer where the arsenic was kept. I seeing her going to that drawer, it would not strike me as any thing extraordinary; I should not watch to see what she did there.

MARGARET TURNER sworn.

Upon this melancholy occasion I was sent for; when I arrived, I found my husband, son, and daughter, extremely ill, and soon after I came the prisoner was sick and vomiting; I exclaimed, oh, these devilish dumplings, supposing they had done the mischief; she said not the dumplings, but the milk, ma'am; I asked her what milk she meant; she said the halfpenny worth of milk that Sally had fetched to make the sauce.

Q. Did she say who had made the sauce?—A. My daughter; I said that cannot be, it could not be the sauce; she said, yes; Gadsden had but a very little bit of the dumpling, not bigger than a nut; but he had licked up three parts of a boat of sauce with a bit of bread.

Q. To Mrs. Turner. Was any of the sauce made with the milk that Sarah fetched?—A. It was; I mixed it, and left it for Eliza to make.

ROBERT GREGSON TURNER sworn.

Q. Did you partake of the dumplings?—A. Yes; I did.

Q. Did you eat any of the sauce?—A. Not a portion of it whatever. I was taken ill soon after dinner, I first felt

*was the active
Apprentice then*

*then to every one
for Waste Paper*

*why could it not
be in the Sauce
was it because
her daughter had
made it
very little. Bit of the
Dumpling*

*To it not strange
to eat Yeast Dump
without Sauce
and a Dumpling
and a half*

an inclination to be sick; I then felt a strong heat across my chest; I was extremely sick.

Q. Did it produce any swelling in you?—A. I was exactly as my father and wife was, sick and stronger symptoms; I had eaten a dumpling and a half.

Q. Were your symptoms any other but such as would be produced by poison?—A. I should presume so. We were all taken in the same way, and pretty near the same time.

SARAH PEER sworn.

I am house-maid to Mrs. Turner; I have lived in the family near eleven months.

Q. Do you remember the circumstance of warning being given to the prisoner some time after she came?—A. I do, sir; after that I heard her say she should not like Mr. and Mrs. Robert Turner.

Q. On the morning of the 21st of March, did you go for any milk?—A. Yes; that was after two, after I had had my dinner; I eat beef steak-pie for my dinner; I never eat any of the dumplings; the same flour was used for the crust of the pie as the dumplings. *So did Sarah eat her dinner - the same flour*

Q. Had you any concern whatever in making the dough for the dumplings?—A. No, sir; nor the sauce; I was not in the kitchen when the dough was made; I had permission of my mistress to go out that afternoon; when I had taken the dumplings up I went directly.

Q. To Mr. Orlebar Turner. Did you keep this arsenic to poison the mice that infested the office?—A. Yes; it was only to be used in the office.

WILLIAM THISSELTON sworn.

I took the prisoner into custody on the 23d of March. I asked her whether she suspected there was any thing in the flour. She said, she had made a beef steak pie that day with the same flour she had made the dumplings; she said she thought it was in the yeast, she saw a red sediment at the bottom of the yeast after she had used it.

JOSEPH PARSON sworn.

I am a servant to Mr. Edmonds, the brewer, in Gray's-inn-lane.

Q. Were you in the habit of taking table-beer to Mr. Turner's?—A. Yes. On Thursday the prisoner asked me for some yeast; I told her if I came that way on Saturday I would bring her a bit, if not on Monday; I brought her the yeast on Monday; I took it out of the stelliards where the casks lay; it was the same yeast as bakers have.

Mr. Alley.—Q. When you brought the yeast to the house you gave it to the last witness, not to the prisoner?
—A. Yes; I gave it to the house-maid.

Q. To Sarah Peer. What did you do with the yeast?—
A. I emptied it into a white basin; I told Eliza that the brewer had brought the yeast; she took the basin; I saw no more of it.

Mr. JOHN MARSHALL sworn.

*Mr Marshall
swore on 3^d June
he found Eliza on
the stairs in great
agony. &c.*
I am a surgeon. On the evening of the 21st of March, I was sent for to Mr. Turner's family in a great hurry; I got there a quarter before nine o'clock; I found Mr. Turner and Mrs. Turner very ill; the symptoms were such as would be produced by arsenic; I have no doubt of it by the symptoms; the prisoner also was ill, that was caused by the same.

Q. Did Mr. Orlebar Turner shew you a dish or pan the next morning?—A. He did; I examined the dish; I washed it with a tea-kettle of warm water, I first stand it, and let it subside; I decanted it off, I found half a tea-spoon of white powder; I washed it a second time; I decidedly found it to be arsenic.

Q. Will arsenic, if it is cut with a knife, will it produce on the knife the colour of blackness?—A. I have no doubt of it; I examined the remains of the yeast; there was no arsenic in that.

PRISONER'S DEFENCE.

My Lord, I am truly innocent of all the charge, as God is my witness; I am innocent, indeed I am; I liked my

place, I was very comfortable: as to my master saying did not assist him, I was too ill. I had no concern with the drawer at all; when I wanted a piece of paper I always asked for it.

Court.—2. To ROGER GADSDEN.

You say the prisoner used to light the office fire?—A. She used. I and my fellow apprentice have seen her go to that drawer many times.

The prisoner called four witnesses, who gave her a good character.

The Recorder having summed up the evidence, the Jury. returned a Verdict of GUILTY.

The prisoner was only twenty-one years of age.

LETTERS AND REMARKS

CONCERNING

ELIZA FENNING,

Which appeared in the Public Newspapers, after
her Trial.

*The following appeared in the British Press,
of May 20, 1815.*

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,

Permit me, through the medium of your esteemed paper, to lay before the public the information which I have acquired in the extraordinary case of Eliza Fenning—I say extraordinary, for I have never read or heard of a case equally wicked in one light, and foolish in the other—wicked in the extreme, for contriving to take away the lives of those who had never offended her—insane, by taking such a quantity of the bane, as subjected herself to as great a degree of affliction as any one of the family. Far from being wickedly cunning does she appear to me, as it is evident she left the pan in which the dumplings were made unwashed till the next day; nor did she attempt to put the remainder of the dumplings out of the way; the doing of which the perpetrator of such a crime would not have omitted.

The unfortunate young woman in question is in the 21st year of her age, is a diminutive person, not such a one as my Lord or my Lady would have either for a housemaid or cook; a place of all work was, therefore, the situation of this little female previous to going into Mr. Turner's family, which made her feel perfectly contented with her late situation. Mr. Smyth, of the Colonade, No. 8, Bruns-

wick-square, gave the prisoner an excellent character; he swore that he had met the prisoner two evenings previous to the melancholy catastrophe; she declared that she was very comfortable in her situation, and that she was never happier in her life. There are two other persons who can prove similar expressions made use of by the prisoner, two days before the accident, when she happened to be out on business for her employers.

Now, sir, after such proof of her being satisfied, is it likely that she could have conceived such a diabolical plan of murder, and suicide? I have been informed, sir, and I believe the information to have been founded on fact, that a professional man has had arsenic mixed in dumplings for experiment, and that they rose as is customary, were neither black nor heavy; nor did they particularly colour the knives. Now, sir, it was a pity, as two surgeons attended the family, that they did not both attend at the trial. For Surgeon Marshall says, he had no doubt of the arsenic having a particular effect on the knives: now as Surgeon Ogilvy attended the family at five o'clock, and as Mr. Marshall did not arrive till nine, I repeat it is a pity Mr. Ogilvy had not been called as a witness.

I am informed, and I believe correctly so, that a professional gentleman in the law, from the unsatisfactory statement of this case in the papers, waited on Mr. Ogilvy, who informed him that on his arrival at Mr. Turner's, he found the prisoner in as distressed a state as any of the family. She had been informed by the officers one evening that she was to die next morning, which deeply affected her. I must here express my opinion, that alarming the prisoners, and repeatedly, as she has been, shews but very little feeling in the doers, to say the least of it. However, she asked for paper to write to her disconsolate parents; in so doing she professes her innocence in the most solemn and affecting manner. She requests to be buried by her little brother, who met his death by an accident. She expresses a confident hope of meeting her father and mother hereafter in heaven, and in this world she bids them an everlasting adieu!!

The Paymaster-General of his Majesty's land forces, under whom the prisoner's father had served as serjeant of the band, in the 15th regiment of foot, at the taking of Mar-

inique, Guadaloupe, and St. Lucia, on seeing the letter above alluded to, declared he would not believe that it had been written by a guilty hand. A number of respectable people have signed a petition praying for the royal clemency, among whom I believe there are at least two Noble Lords—Mr. Turner, however, contrary to the expectation of the prisoner and many of her friends, refused to set his name thereto.

The petition, her letter from prison, together with her father's discharge, I flatter myself is, by this time, before his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and the prayers of every one who believes her innocent, as I do, I trust will accompany them. I visited her deeply afflicted parents yesterday; the bleeding tear rolled quick over their aged cheeks; their souls seemed heavily oppressed with poignant grief; my heart was rent for misfortunes which it was not in my power to alleviate.

F. M. BARRAN.

Pleasant-retreat, Blackfriars-road,

May 15, 1815.

The following appeared in the Examiner of May 14.

A Correspondent says, — “ It has been observed by many gentlemen, that if they had been on the jury of *Elizabeth Fenning*, they could not have found her guilty, because there was no proof that she was the actual person that put the poison into the pan, knowing it to be poison. I visited the unfortunate young woman a few days ago; she still declares her innocence; she still says she did not know there was arsenic in the house, nor never saw any there; she burst into a flood of tears, and said she wished she might drop down dead if she knew what arsenic was. Here her father became deeply affected on hearing his daughter declare her innocence in so solemn a manner. He said he had fought for his king and his country, and now he was deprived of his only child, for a crime of which he believed her to be totally innocent. The mother of this unfortunate young woman was so affected, that it was thought she could not live.”—[The observations of our Correspondent prove nothing; but still many persons are

of opinion that the guilt of this young woman has not been sufficiently shewn. The arsenic, it appeared, was kept in an open drawer with waste paper, to which every one might resort;—this was a very negligent practice, to say the least of it.—*Examiner.*]

The following appeared in the Statesman of June 13, 1815.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

Natural philanthropy inclines every well-organized mind to sympathise with the unfortunate, and should call forth every generous feeling in contemplating oppressed innocence. Actuated by such disinterested motives, I venture to call the attention of the unprejudiced and enlightened to the case of *Eliza Fenning*, now under sentence of death in Newgate, the circumstances attending which have laudably ingrossed much public feeling, particularly as to the fact of partaking so plenteously of what, in the event of her being conscious of the baneful effect, coupled with her candid avowal that no other person assisted in making the dumplings, and her leaving the pan, under such circumstances, in a state to afford detection, which could have been so easily prevented, discovers a new and important trait in the history of human nature. Such extraordinary deviations from the common course of things occasioned VOLTAIRE to advocate successfully the cause of JOHN CALLAS, who had been tortured to death on the rack, at Thoulouse, for the supposed murder of his son; and in the case of *Elizabeth Canning*, eight persons ordered for execution were, by the casual observations of a Mr. RAMSAY in the daily papers, reprieved, and in the sequel proved innocent, and *Elizabeth Canning* was transported as an impostor.

It is conceived that the case under consideration is quite susceptible of a very different construction from what it has yet experienced; and if, through the medium of your valuable paper, a more scrupulous investigation can be elicited, humanity will be greatly indebted to your efforts.

A. L.

London, June 12.

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The following letter was sent, by the prisoner, to the Editor of the Examiner newspaper, and which appeared in that paper, on Sunday, July 23, 1815.

July 18, Felons' side, Newgate,

Sir,

With the greatest submission, I most humbly beg leave to return my grateful thanks and acknowledgments for your humane charitableness that has been extended towards me, an unfortunate victim; in endeavouring to restore a lost and only child to her distressed and afflicted parents; and I trust and hope all those who help the afflicted in mind, body, or estate, will bear reward in heaven. Believe me, cruel and pitiable is my distressing case; to be even confined in this abode of wretchedness, much more to be continually warned of my approaching destiny. Dear sir, I do solemnly declare with firmness and perseverance my innocence to God and man, I am innocent of the crime that is laid to my charge; but how can I convince the world when brought in guilty at the bar of man? Yet there will be a grand and great day, when all must stand before the tribunal bar of God, then where will the guilty criminals stand or fly to secure themselves from the vengeance of the Almighty just God, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and will reward all according to the work done in the body. What a pleasing consolation within my distressed mind to think I am clear of such a heinous and dreadful crime, and never hurted man or mortal, in thought, word, or deed—My dear parents and myself will feel in duty bound to pray for your kind interference in my behalf in your paper, as you have done.—I remain your humble servant, and much injured,

ELIZA FENNING.

The following letter appeared in the Day Newspaper of Tuesday, July 25, 1815, the day previous to her execution.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I read the observations in *The Day* of this day,*

* The observations alluded to was a copy of the foregoing letter that appeared in the *Day* of Monday, the 24th.

upon the case of Eliza Fenning, with a considerable degree of interest, and I think that, in the circumstances of this case, sufficient reason appears for attaching great weight to the solemn assertion of innocence which has been made by this unhappy young woman.

There is in the nature of the crime, of which she has been convicted, a degree of improbability arising from its very enormity, which is only to be surmounted by the most ample and unanswerable evidence of guilt, and I have looked in vain for such evidence in the proof which has been adduced.

It is a maxim consecrated by the tenets of our religion, and adopted in the practice of our laws, that the guilty should escape rather than that the innocent should suffer; and, in this case, where the scales of evidence hang in equal poise, may we not yet hope that his Royal Highness the Prince Regent may extend over this young and wretched female the protecting sceptre of his mercy, without sacrificing the cause of justice, or compromising the interests and safety of his people.

I have said that the crime of this young person is improbable, because it is too shocking in its nature to be contemplated by humanity without horror—*Nemo fuit repente turpissimus*.—It is the offence of an old, of an habitual offender, to take by poison the lives of a whole family. The mind is unhumanised that contemplates such a crime. The wicked hand is already deeply acquainted with iniquity that can engage in its execution. But is this the character of the poor girl whose life is to be sacrificed to the suspicion of this revolting offence? Just rising above the age of proverbial innocence, what contaminating influence has barbarised her mind, which so lately trembled at the suggestion and shrunk from the commission of the slightest fault? The wretchedness of her weeping and petitioning parents attest that the inflexibility of justice threatens to tear from them the stay of their age, the dutiful comforter of their declining years. Is it probable?—No, it is not probable; but is it possible that this offence should have been committed by such a person—by a woman—a woman not engaged in the long habitual contemplation and commission of revolting crimes—a child, a daughter, but recently sportive in all the guiltlessness of infancy?

But what is the proof that is to justify the public immolation of this victim? The most desperate malignity of the most practised offender would not incite him to commit these many murders without a motive. Yet no evidence has been adduced of any motive that should excite this young woman to rush at once into such complicated guilt.

Without a motive, then, we are to believe that she has formed and attempted to execute the desperate offence of poisoning a whole family, and herself with them, for she had administered the poison, not only to an individual against whom she nourished an unmitigable spirit of revenge, but to an entire family, not only to the family, but to other individuals and to herself.

It has, indeed, been said she participated in the poison, that, by an artifice, she might escape suspicion; but this is an inference to reconcile an admitted improbability with her assumed guilt, and it is, I conceive, an erroneous inference. It seems to me incredible that this person should have taken a mortal poison to escape the suspicion of administering it to others. She knew that arsenic would produce death, but she could scarcely believe herself competent to balance nicely the quantity, greater or smaller, which was requisite to produce a mortal effect. To take poison, in any quantity she must have been persuaded would endanger her life, and there is, in fact, no reason to think she had taken less than others.

Proof might reasonably be required, that she had really possessed herself of the means of her crime, and how she had obtained them, but the evidence on this subject seems to be far from satisfactory. The man who prosecuted her stated, that, with a culpable negligence, not to be sufficiently reprobated, he had placed arsenic, enclosed in paper so marked, in a drawer with lumber and waste paper. There was no proof that the accused could read, and was therefore competent to know that the envelop contained poison, had she seen it. It was accessible to the whole family, and to most of them more readily than to herself; to the apprentices and writers in the office most readily, and to the housemaid more probably than to the cook.

But the proof that the crime was committed at all is radically defective, for we may reasonably suppose, that

there were other persons in this family as careless as the master, and the arsenic might be accidentally intermixed.

It was urged against the prisoner, as a strong circumstance of suspicion, that she had recommended the apprentice not to eat of the poisoned food, because it was cold and heavy, from which it is inferred, that she persuaded him to avoid it because she knew it to be poisoned. It might have been remembered, on her behalf, that the same observation which she made to the boy had been previously suggested to herself by one of the family.

I cannot subdue the impression upon my mind arising from these considerations, that reasonable doubts may be entertained of the guilt of this young person. There seems to me to have been no positive proof that the crime imputed to her was ever committed. There is certainly no positive proof that she committed that offence. It is not improbable that it should have been committed by others. Every circumstance from which her guilt is inferred is susceptible of an easy and rational explanation; and, on the other hand, the very nature of the offence renders its commission by such a person, and under such circumstances, highly improbable.

I trust the high importance of this subject may excuse my laying these crude and hasty suggestions before the public.

I am, Sir,

Your respectful and obedient servant,

C. A.

July 24th, 1815.

LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

ELIZA FENNING,

TO

HER PARENTS,

AND AN INTERESTING

*Correspondence with her Friend, previously to
her Execution.*

London, June 21, 1815.

Dear Eliza,

I have done all I can to save your life; and now we must leave it to the will of kind Providence to turn the scale, for the time draws near when you will know your fate; but be of good comfort, for if you are innocent, God can deliver you out of prison as easy as he did Peter. Pray to God to give you grace to save your soul, and that will enable you to forgive your prosecutors, for when Stephen was being murdered he prayed to God not to let the sin be laid to their charge. If it should be the will of Providence that you should suffer, it is better to die innocent than to die guilty. Dear Eliza, be of good comfort; if the summons should come from a better world, I hope you will experience what Stephen did when he was going to die: for we read in the New Testament that he saw the heavens open, and Jesus ready to receive his soul in glory. Dear Eliza, it was this glory that the Apostle felt in his heart which made him say, I have a desire to depart and be with Jesus, which is far better. Dear Eliza, my heart feels for you; but I hope we shall at last meet in heaven, where

trouble and sorrow will be no more. A friend has been to the Rev. Mr. C——, and I believe he will come and see you. May God bless you in this world and in the next; if there is any thing more I can do for you, I will do it with all my heart; I am anxious to do all I can. Dear Eliza, read the 7th chapter of Acts, the 56th verse. Send me every particular you can.

I remain your dear Friend until death.

*Felons' Side, Newgate,
June 30, 1815.*

Dear Friend,

I feel extremely sorry at your being disappointed at not receiving my letter, which must be the neglect of the person who I entrusted to put it in the post; believe me, I feel at a loss for words to express my gratitude for all the kind services you have so generously bestowed on an unfortunate victim, but I hope and trust the Lord will bless those who help the afflicted in mind, body, or estate, and they may bear record in Heaven, for the Lord has been good to me, and has not let me want in my distressing and wretched case,—believe me, cruel and pitiable is my forlorn situation, but yet this trouble may be for some divine purpose which the Lord thought proper to bring me to himself, and next Sunday I think I feel prepared, respecting of taking the Holy Sacrament, as I firmly know I never injured any person, and trust, with safety, I have not violated the sacred laws of God or my country; believe me, I do, with a solemn vow, declare myself innocent of the crime laid to my charge, for we must give an account before an Almighty just God, who knows the secrets of all hearts, at whose tribunal bar we must all appear, and give an account for every action done in the body. Once more, God bless you for all your kindness to me, an innocent victim.

I remain your's, with gratitude,

ELIZA FENNING.

London, June 31, 1815.

Dear Eliza,

I received your letter this morning, which I very gladly received. I hope you will not be offended at me, the reason of my writing to you is, that I understand you have a desire to receive the Holy Sacrament, but, I will ask you one question Eliza, from what quarter does that desire spring: is it only to convince Mr. C. that you are innocent, and the people that may see you? Dear Eliza, if this desire spring from that quarter, I would say, in the language of a father and a friend, and as a Christian, for God's sake and your soul's sake do not take the Sacrament on such a motive: if Mr C. will not believe you are innocent he cannot take your life. Consider, my dear girl, God does not let men always have their way; therefore, be of good comfort, God can deliver you out of prison without your taking the Sacrament to convince them you have a clear conscience of this crime. I wish I had wrote to you before on this subject; I hope it is not too late; consider, my dear girl, the Sacrament is a very solemn subject: the word of God tells you that you should examine yourself whether you be in the faith of God's elect: if you ask me what the faith of God's elect is, thus I answer you: it is feeling from the heart you are a wicked sinner against God, and if God was to deal justly with you he would have more right to cast you off than to save you; secondly, it is to renounce your farther sins, and to live godly in Christ in this present evil world, praying to God for grace to subdue your sins, and faith to believe in Jesus, so that you may have a true and lively faith in God's mercy through Christ the sacred remembrance of his death and live in charity with all men; then you may depend that God loves you, and in the sweet exercise of faith you will love God in return; then you are a fit subject to receive the sacrament; then the language of your heart will be to God:—this is he that loved me first, and with a white robe of righteousness delights to deck the worst.

I remain your friend till death,

London, July 3d, 1815.

Dear Eliza,

Christianity fills the heart with gratitude, and gratitude inclines the heart to sympathise with the oppressed innocent, and cries exert our abilities in the cause of an injured female. God forbid any Christian should try to screen a guilty offender from the laws of justice for such a crime as you are supposed to be guilty of. I hope you do not think that dying for a crime for which you are innocent, will atone for your past sins; there is nothing that will save your soul but the pardoning love of Jesus. "How sweet the name of Jesu sounds in a believer's ear." Consider, my dear girl, a God of love cannot act unjust; for we read in scripture that it grieved God that he made man; but we do not read in scripture that it grieved God that he redeemed man; no, we do not, my dear girl, we read to the contrary, we read that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish but have everlasting life. O, what a blessing, that you may perceive that God loves them that die on a tree as well as those that die on a bed. If all the exertion I have made to save your life should fail, I hope the Lord will give you courage and fortitude to die like a Christian. My dear girl, remember the words of the dear Saviour in the scripture is to you "be faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of glory, for blessed is the dead that die in the Lord." Remember the words of the dying thief—"Lord, this day remember me." Cheer up, don't be down-hearted; I hope you will be enabled to say, in truth, I am only going to die to live again with Christ in glory, and there to sing the praise of God and the Lamb that bore the curse for guilty man; so you may perceive that death is only a kind friend to take you to eternal glory. Dear Eliza, as long as there is life, there is hope; but if it should be the will of Providence that my expectation should be cut off, send me a lock of your hair, that I may say this is the lock of a female whose life I tried to save, and may the hand of kind Providence bless all those gentlemen who have exerted their abilities in the cause of an injured female.

I remain your faithful friend till death,

Newgate, 6 July, 1815.

Dear Friend,

Impressed with a just sense of your unbounded goodness, I feel a want of words to return my gratitude to you;—your letter is truly affecting; yet I trust the Father of Mercy will give me Christian fortitude to bear my fate, though cruel and pitiable is my unfortunate case, yet I hope the Almighty will clear me of the crime that is laid to me, for all things may seem impossible to man, yet with God all things are possible. I will grant you the request respecting a lock of hair; if it is the will of God for me to suffer, believe me, the word suffer strikes me with awful horror: to think I am innocent of the crime, and to endure the sufferings; suffer me to remain your's until death doth me call.

ELIZA FENNING.

*Felons' Side, Newgate;
July 21, 1815.*

Dear and affectionate Parents,

With heart-rending sighs and tears, I, for the last and ever last time, write these solemn lines to you, hoping and trusting the Almighty will give you strength and fortitude to bear the distressing, awful, and dreadful, scene that is about to take place. Believe me, cruel and pitiable is my unfortunate and affecting situation, but God's will be done, and with humble resignation I must bear my untimely fate. But what a pleasing consolation within this tortured breast to suffer innocently. Dear parents I do solemnly declare, was I never to enter the heavenly mansion of heavenly rest,—I am murdered,—dear father and mother, believe I am your only child that speak the sentiments of a broken heart: do not let me distress your breaking hearts. I wish to comfort you, dearest of parents, be happy, pray take comfort, let me entreat of you to be reconciled, and I will be happy in heaven with my dear sisters and brothers, and meet you bye and bye. Pray read the blessed bible and turn your hearts, and live religious and holy lives, and there we shall be where sorrow and trouble will be no more; I grieve more to think I had an opportunity once and did not make use of it,

yet there is time to pray to my Heavenly Father to forgive me all my sins and offences in my life past. It is only the passage of death that I have to go through, and I hope and trust in God that will be soon over. Oh, my blessed and beloved patients, think what are my present distressing feelings, to part from you who gave me my being, and nourished me at that breast, and was my sole comfort, and nursed me in helpless and infant years, and was always a direction to me in the sacred path of virtue, which I have strictly kept; it will be one sin less to answer for, as a spotless frame will be acceptable in the eyes of God;—I mention this as I let you know I have not done amiss.—Oh, dear parents, what an affecting scene to part from you which must be endured by the laws of justice, but justice has not been shewn at the bar. Man judges man, but God will judge us at the last, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and they who swore my life away will never enter with me into rest. God bless you both, and may you live happy. Adieu, from your injured and unhappy child. Keep these few lines in remembrance of me, as this is all the comfort I can afford with my imperfect prayers. Adieu, dear parents, God bless you both.

ELIZA FENNING.

Felons' Side, Newgate, July 21, 1815.

Dear Charles,

I am so deprest with woe and affliction, that I scarce know how to direct my trembling and faltering pen. I did not expect I should have fortitude to direct my words to you; oh, the blow is dreadful and distressing to me! it is impossible to describe to you my feelings in my awful situation, but time draws on a conclusion to my unfortunate case. I must bear the smart with patience and humble resignation to the closing scene of mournful and eternal parting, farewell to my dear, unhappy, affectionate, parents, whose breaking hearts cut my tortured breast, but God bless them and give them consolation amidst the awful scene of their oppressing woe. You have been a sincere and dear friend towards me, and I trust the Almighty will reward you for all your kind endeavours in

my behalf to spare my life ; but all is vanity and vexation of spirit. Oh, I trust the God of all mercies will receive me in the heavenly mansions above, where sorrow and trouble will be no more. Oh, believe me, I die innocent of the crime : I am sensible what I am going now to reveal to you, which is this, was I never to enter the kingdom of God, whose presence I must face, that I die innocent, and am a murdered person. Oh, Charles, what are my present feelings now at this time, to hear I am to die a shameful and ignominious death for the guilty person ; how cruel that they should be screened from the laws of justice ; but God will reward them according to their wicked deeds. Pray God forgive them that they may never be destroyed in that world where everlasting burning must be endured, which is the portion of all wicked persecutors, who take the life of the innocent. Pray comfort my dear parents, and God bless you. Adieu, dear Charles. Pray call once, and bid me a farewell for ever. Adieu.

Your unhappy

ELIZA FENNING.

P.S. Pray keep these few lines and this lock of hair in remembrance of me. God bless you. Adieu for ever!

ELIZA FENNING,

Aged 21 Years.

THE EXECUTION

AND

LAST MOMENTS

OF

ELIZA FENNING.

On Wednesday, July 26th, *Eliza Fenning* was executed, pursuant to her sentence, before the Debtors' door, at Newgate. The morning was wet, gloomy, and disagreeable; but the unfavourable state of the weather did not prevent the accumulation of an immense crowd at an early hour. Public curiosity was strongly excited, and perhaps to a greater degree than on any similar event since the execution of Haggerty, Holloway, &c. For, in the case of *Eliza Fenning*, many had taken up an opinion that her guilt was not clearly established.

A great portion of the public have taken an uncommon interest in the fate of this young female ever since her conviction, and the feeling which generally prevailed was, that she would on the scaffold make an open and decided disavowal of any participation in the crime imputed to her.

About eight o'clock the Sheriffs, accompanied by Lord Yarmouth and several other persons, proceeded by the subterraneous passage from the Justice-Hall to Newgate. The two prisoners, Oldfield and Adams, (who were executed with her,) were soon after brought from their cells, for the purpose of having their irons knocked off.

Eliza Fenning was neatly dressed in a white muslin gown, a handsome worked cap, and laced boots. Oldfield went up to her in the Press-yard, and enjoined her to prayer, and assured her they should all soon be happy.

The Sheriffs preceded the prisoners to the steps of the scaffold, to which the unfortunate girl was first introduced. A few minutes before she ascended the scaffold, the Rev. Mr. Cotton, the Ordinary of Newgate, asked her whether

she had any communication to make; she paused for a moment, and then said, with firmness and strong emphasis, "Before the just and Almighty God, and by the faith of the Holy Sacrament I have taken, I am innocent of the offence with which I am charged." She afterwards said, in an indistinct tone of voice, what seemed to the bystanders to be, "that the truth of the business would be disclosed in the course of the day."—The Rev. Mr. Cotton, anxious to learn, precisely, what she uttered, requested her to repeat her words. She then said,—“ I am innocent, and I hope, in God, the truth may be disclosed in the course of the day.”

About a quarter after eight o'clock she ascended the platform with the same uniform firmness she had maintained throughout. A handkerchief was tied over her face and she prayed fervently, to the last moment declaring her innocence. Oldfield came up next with a firm step, and addressed a few words to the unhappy girl. Adams was brought up last. They were attended by the Rev. Mr. Cotton, and a gentleman of the Methodist connection. She conducted herself with great propriety, and seemed perfectly resigned to her fate. On being asked in this last and awful moment, to confess her crime—she unhesitatingly declared, as she had done throughout her confinement, in the most solemn manner, her perfect innocence. She also expressed her perfect resignation, and her confidence of entering the kingdom of Heaven. This she repeated while the executioner was preparing for the final event. The necessary preparations being made, at about twenty minutes before nine the signal was given that all was ready, and they were launched into eternity. The last words of Eliza Fenning, on being addressed by her religious attendant, were—“ *I know my situation, and may I never enter the kingdom of Heaven, to which I feel confident I am going, if I am not innocent.*” The most heart-rending sensations pervaded the minds of the thousands who witnessed the dreadful scene. One emotion only was perceptible in Eliza Fenning.

After hanging the usual time the bodies were cut down, and delivered to their friends.

On the Sunday before her execution she received the sacrament, and heard the condemned sermon, during

which, she was overcome by the intensity of her feelings, which brought on violent hysterics, that continued the greater part of the day.

On Monday she wrote a letter to her late master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, requesting they would favour her with an interview in the prison. This they complied with, and visited her in her cell. She then protested to them, in the most solemn manner, that she had not administered the arsenic, and expressed a hope that ere long Providence would point its finger at the real criminal, and relieve her character from the foul aspersion with which it had been undeservedly blackened. Of her approaching fate she spoke with firmness, and took leave of her visitors in the most affecting manner. She was afterwards visited by her father and some of her friends, to whom she expressed her perfect resignation.

On Tuesday evening, about four o'clock, she was visited for the last time, by her mother, to whom, in taking a last leave, she said, "now, my dear mother, I embrace you for the last time, and with this embrace, receive the only consolation I can give you, and that is a solemn and a sincere declaration of my innocence of the horrid crime for which I am to suffer."

When her mother hinted at some hopes of mercy yet reaching her, she rejected the idea, and requested her to spare herself the unavailing task, nor attempt to unhinge her mind by any sublunary objects. She was then locked up for the night; and at an early hour in the morning was visited by the Rev. Mr. Cotton, who continued with her and her wretched companions to the last moment of their existence. The unfortunate woman, although short in stature, was a very pretty figure. Her face was expressive, and had none of the characteristics of a woman capable of committing the foul deed of which she had been, after a patient and impartial trial, pronounced guilty. She was betrothed to a young man of industrious habits, to whom she wrote several affecting letters, and who has exhibited the strongest feelings of misery in the contemplation of her fate.

We believe no execution since that of the lamented Dr. Dodd, has excited so much interest in the public mind as that of this young female. The composure which she evinced,

and the firm dependence which she professed to place in the mercy of her Redeemer, induced the public to give full credit to the protestations of her innocence, which, as before observed, she reiterated even to her very last moment. It is difficult to conceive what possible motive she could have, if really guilty, to rush into the presence of her omniscient Creator, whose penetration no sophistry can elude, nor no art mislead, with a lie in her mouth. The Rev. Divines who attended her had spared no pains to convince her of the absolute necessity of a confession of her crime, if she felt a consciousness of it, and in this necessity she perfectly agreed; but her only reply was a reiteration of her innocence. We must, therefore, leave her and her cause to that inscrutable wisdom which can alone dive into the mysterious recesses of the human heart, and from whom no secrets are hid.

The Recorder, we understand, held a consultation with the Lord Chancellor and the Secretary for the Home Department, on Tuesday, on the subject, in consequence of a representation from some gentlemen who had investigated the case in Newgate; but the evidence exhibited on the trial was deemed too conclusive to admit of mercy being extended to her. The awful sentence was delayed half an hour beyond the usual time, in consequence of the executioner not having arrived from Ipswich, where he had been to perform the last office to a woman for a similar crime. During the remainder of the day numerous groupes of people assembled in the Old Bailey, and also, in the evening, opposite the house of Mr. Turner, (the prosecutor,) in Chancery-lane, conversing on the subject, with whom, pity for her sufferings, and a firm belief of her innocence, seemed to be the prevailing sentiment. At the last-mentioned place, the tumult became so great, it was found necessary to send for the assistance of the police to disperse the multitude, and preserve the peace.

It is remarkable that no part of the body of this unfortunate female, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, changed colour in the least after her execution until the evening of the following Friday, with the exception of a small mark under her chin, made by the rope. She lay in her coffin seemingly as in a sweet sleep, with a smile on her countenance.

LINES,
WRITTEN IMPROMPTU,
ON
ELIZA FENNING'S
DECLARATION OF INNOCENCE,
AT
THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

The awful bell is heard, with dismal toll,
That strikes, with horror deep, the guilty soul;
The herald that, through death's impervious gloom,
Invites the sinner to attend his doom;
With what sensations dread, what trembling fears
The guilt-stain'd wretch the solemn fiat hears;
While heav'n-supported innocence the while
Can greet the summons with a cheerful smile.
May such, O, FENNING, be thy blissful lot,
Whose parting breath disowns the fatal blot;
That *human justice* fix'd upon thy name,
And gives thy youth to meet an end of shame.

THE END.

TO
THE PUBLIC
AND
CHARITABLE CHRISTIANS.

It is well known to many in this nation, that the expenses absolutely necessary to defend a prosecution, similar to that of the late unfortunate Eliza Fenning, and to render the situation of that abode of wretchedness, which it was her lot to endure, supportable, until the trying hour, with various other unavoidable expenses, has occasioned her industrious parents, in their last extremity, to dispose of every article of furniture, &c. they possessed.

The humane and charitable are earnestly solicited to contribute their mite to enable her agonized parents to recover their goods, pay the charges of her funeral, and alleviate their heart-rending and deplorable situation, for the loss of their only child by an untimely and ignominious death.

Subscriptions for the above purpose, (even of the smallest amount,) will be thankfully received by the publisher of this pamphlet, where a book is opened for the purpose, and will be faithfully applied to their relief.



